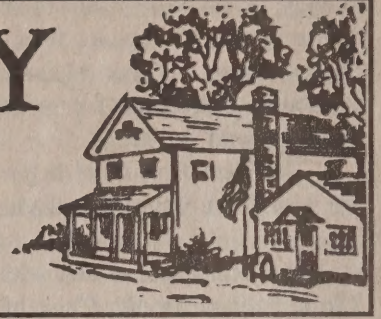




MONTEREY NEWS

FEBRUARY 1994



THE TOWN

On the same night that the Select Board received a letter from Board of Appeals members Peter Murkett, Cynthia Weber, and alternate member Mark Makuc, chair of the Board of Appeals Peter Vallianos met with the Select Board to discuss the outcome of the Burton Simon request for a Variance from the Monterey Zoning Bylaws. The requested Variance was granted, allowing the Simons to reconfigure a lot line to create the fifteen-foot sidelot setback specified in the Zoning Bylaw for Lakeshore District lots existing prior to May 1986. Lots in the Lake Shore District created after May 1986 have a sidelot setback requirement of twenty-five feet.

In the course of their deliberations, the Board of Appeals realized that by reconfiguring the lot line the Simons created a new lot not grandfathered to the old setback requirement; thus to comply with Monterey Zoning Bylaws the structure should have a twenty-five-foot sidelot setback.

The Select Board signed an agreement with the Simons in June of 1993 stating that they must either move the encroaching structure out of the setback, tear part of it down, or adjust their lot



MAGGIE LEONARD

lines to find some way to bring the structure into compliance with the Monterey Zoning Bylaws. Another aspect of this agreement was that \$25,000 of the Simon's money would be held in escrow by the Town until such compliance with the Bylaws was achieved. The letter received by the Select Board, which was drafted by Murkett and signed by Weber

and Makuc, reviews a section of the June, 1993, agreement in which the Select Board states that "if the Simons are successful in complying with the Zoning Bylaw sideyard requirement of fifteen feet by lot line adjustment... the [escrow] Fund, together with interest thereon, shall be paid over to Simon." Now, in the course of trying to comply with the fifteen-foot setback, the Simons have inadvertently created a situation whereby the former setback requirement is, in the words of Murkett, "no longer applicable."

The letter goes on to state that "disposition of the Fund is now open to interpretation by the Selectmen." In appearing before the Select Board, Vallianos recommended that the Simons pay a penalty, forfeiting all or part of the \$25,000 that the Town has been holding since June, 1993. The letter from

Murkett, Weber, and Makuc suggested that "perhaps any money retained by the Selectmen on behalf of the Town in the Simon case should be dedicated to publication of a comprehensive guide for all Monterey citizens which would outline clearly the legal and procedural responsibilities of landowners, town officials, and boards." Or, stated the letter, the

money "could be dedicated to the establishment of a conservation fund targeted for lakeshore land use where environmental considerations are so important to the general welfare."

The Select Board said they will confer with Town Counsel on the matter.

The Select Board met with Town Clerk Barbara Swann, Chief of Police Gareth Backhaus, Solid Waste Committee and Planning Board members Joyce Scheffey and Wayne Burkhart, and Planning Board member Maggie Leonard to discuss the proposed Non-Criminal Disposition of Bylaw Enforcement amendment which would affect both the Town Bylaws and the Zoning Bylaws. Chair of the Select Board Peter Brown distributed a sample of a proposed amendment that outlined which Town Bylaws would be affected by such a change: Article V, Unregistered or Dilapidated Motor Vehicles; Article VI, Solicitors Permits; Article VIII, Regulation of Motor Boats; Article IX, Earth Removal; Article X, Mandatory Recycling; Article XII, Dog Restraint; and Article XIII, Alarm Systems.

The Select Board pointed out that the proposed Non-Criminal Disposition of Bylaw amendment does not change

any of the Town Bylaws or the Zoning Bylaws. The Board explained that the amendment is simply a way of enforcing Bylaws that have already been approved by the Town, while attempting to avoid criminal court proceedings.

Pauline Nault, Chair of the Council on Aging, met with the Select Board to inquire into the possibility of establishing a monthly foot clinic downstairs at the town offices. The services would be provided by Jane Kelly at the rate of \$20 per visit. It was unanimously voted to allow the foot clinic. The first clinic was scheduled for Thursday, January 26, 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

— Maggie Leonard

PLOWING RAIN

Road Superintendent Don Amstead sent his crew out on the town's dirt roads with a York rake on Sunday, January 22, to deal with the second (barely) significant snowfall of the season. This after nearly two weeks of intermittent rain and abnormally warm temperatures turned travelled dirt roads into mud troughs. There was no snow cover left anywhere, and no frost in the ground. A York rake has diagonally set curved tines on a wheeled frame, and is pulled behind a

truck; it worked well to push aside the scant covering of fluffy snow while it also scratched up and smoothed the soft, wet dirt road surface, helping to dry it out. Don credits Dick Loring of Tyringham with passing on this method of snow removal/road maintenance.

This January the trick was guessing the weather. When thawed roads froze again early in the month, crews dumped

dead sand and made a few light passes with the grader to fill in the ruts. Later,

during the prolonged thaw, they used the payloader, driven backward with the bucket down, to squeegee the road, pressing out water. The payloader left behind a slightly domed, shiny, wet surface, deceptively smooth; it was somewhat less difficult to drive over, although still quite muddy. Don says that dumping stone on a muddy road can trap water and prolong muddy conditions unless the stone-filled section can drain readily from one side of the road to the other; if it can't, the stone fill creates a bowl and acts like a dry-well, holding water. Seasonal weather followed the late January snow, and before long the dirt roads were back in shape.

Don asks that we not drive on the hilly dirt roads closed for winter when the weather turns warm and wet. Wheel tracks become ruts then rivers when it rains, washing gravel roads off into the woods. People get stuck, and it all makes extra work. Carrington-Battelle, Fairview, Wallace Hall, Wellman, Chestnut Hill, Gould, and Swann Roads are all closed for the season.

Don also mentioned that the thaw and rains raised the water level in Lake Garfield, which had been drawn down this year to three feet below full. He could only open the gate at the dam a little to let more water out, due to the danger of flooding downstream. As a result, the lake remains a little higher than its designated drawn down level due to the unusual weather.

— Peter Murkett



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DEMOCRATS SEEK CANDIDATES

The Nominating Committee of the Monterey Democrats has begun working on a slate for the May town elections. Any citizen interested in serving the town is encouraged to contact a Committee member.

— Cynthia Weber (528-3698)



MAGGIE LEONARD

RABIES CLINIC SCHEDULED

The Monterey Fire Company has scheduled a rabies clinic for Saturday, March 4, 3-4:30 p.m. There is an \$8 fee. Town Clerk Barbara Swann will be available to issue dog licenses as necessary. Note that cats should be inoculated against rabies twice in succession, nine to twelve months apart, and once every three years after that. The recent rabies epidemic makes this an especially important step to take in caring for your pets.

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MONTEREY CHURCH NEWS

Christmas is now behind us; the new year is in progress. The days are lengthening inch by inch. New dreams, new visions begin to emerge in the minds and souls of people everywhere. Where people gather... in large groups or small... there is a new awakening of spirit, a focusing of energy on that which is to come. Epiphany continues in our hearts as we move toward the beginning of Lent.

Perhaps because the weather is apt to be a deterrent, I find that this period from Christmas to Lent tends, for me, to become a time of reflection rather than of action; a time for the regrouping and recouping of the energies expended during the holiday season, knowing that with the coming of Lent (and spring) will come physical and spiritual renewal and revival. And with the coming of spring this year comes also the arrival of our new minister, Reverend Keith Snow.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. (from Isaiah 55:12)

The Parish Council has set the date for the Annual Meeting, which will take place on February 19 immediately after the church service. (Church members

please mark your calendars, and try to be there if at all possible.)

Beginning March 1 (Ash Wednesday, and the first day of Lent), the Parish Council will sponsor a Lenten Bible Study, led alternately by MaryKate Jordan and Marty Greenhut. Details are not complete at this writing, but interested persons can contact any of the people listed below after February 13.

SUNDAY WORSHIP — 10 a.m.

The schedule of Sunday services for February and March is as follows:

Feb. 5 (Communion Sunday) · Led by MaryKate Jordan
Feb. 12 · Led by Rev. Howard Smith
Feb. 19 · Led by Kathy Duhon (followed by Annual Meeting)
Feb. 26 · TBA
Mar. 5 (Communion Sunday) · Led by MaryKate Jordan
Mar. 12 · Led by Rev. Ken Taylor
Mar. 19 · TBA
Mar. 26 · We look forward to the presence of Rev. Keith Snow!

The next Parish Council meeting is scheduled for Monday, February 13, at 7:30 p.m..

— Judy Hayes

MONTEREY GRANGE

Monterey Grange No. 291 met on January 18, when the theme of the program was Interesting Facts about Recreational Areas in New England. Members brought in very interesting facts.

Sisters Mary Wallace and Alice Shaffer recently attended Stockbridge Grange No. 295 and took part in the meeting and program.

Worthy Master Tolitha Butler and Worthy Lecturer Mary Wallace will attend a regional meeting in Palmer soon.

The next meeting will be held on February 15. The program will be Sweethearts and Lovers. Visitors are welcome.

— Fraternally,
Mary Wallace, Lecturer

Monterey United Church of Christ Sunday Services · 10 a.m.

For assistance & information:

Bob Emmel (Clerk, Trustee) 528-1321
Tom O'Brien (Trustee) 269-7471
Judy Hayes (Worship) 528-1874

With a prayer request or to join the Prayer Chain:

MaryKate Jordan 528-5557
Mary or Ray Ward 528-9243
Judy Hayes 528-1874

COUNCIL ON AGING

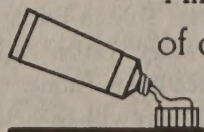
For women age forty or over: if it has been a year or more since your last mammogram, Pap smear, or physical exam, you may be eligible for a free breast and cervical cancer screening program at Berkshire Medical Center in Pittsfield, if you are a Massachusetts resident, have no health insurance at all, or have health insurance (Medicare or other) which does not pay for yearly breast and/or cervical cancer screening. Women under age forty with a personal or family (mother, sister, or daughter) history of breast cancer may also be eligible. Note: Aging is the most significant risk factor for women developing breast cancer. For more information or an appointment, call 1-800-40-HEROA (Health, Education, Resources, Outreach, Advocacy) 1-800-404-3762.

On Monday, February 27, there will be a nursing foot clinic at the Monterey town offices (lower level) between 9 a.m. and 1 p.m. Jane Kelley, R.N., will administer as necessary non-surgical foot care, which includes toenail trimming, corn/callus reduction, evaluation, teaching, and planning for follow-up foot care. To avoid waiting, please call me at 528-5994 for an appointment which lasts about twenty minutes. Ms. Kelley asks that feet be soaked in mildly warm water for ten minutes prior to your visit. Also, wear easily removable stockings. The fee for this service is \$20 per visit. The clinic will be canceled in the event of foul weather.

— Pauline Nault

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CHILDREN'S HEALTH

Parent-to-Parent Volunteer training will begin February 16, 3-5 p.m. at Children's Health Program, and meet for five consecutive Thursdays. Volunteers will be matched with an area family in which the mother is pregnant or has a child under two years of age. Volunteers can assist the family with transportation to important appointments, shopping, or playgroup. They can also provide information about services and child development, and give support to parents. If you're interested in the training, contact Claudette at CHP.

Baby's First Valentine Party will be held at Simon's Rock College Gym on February 14, 1-3 p.m. Siblings are invited, as a playgroup will be in session. There is no charge.

Infant-Toddler CPR class will be held at Fairview Hospital on February 16, 6-10 p.m. The cost (\$7) includes the book and card. Please call Ann Marie Hamm at 528-0790, extension 135, to register. Scholarships are available through Family Support Network at CHP.

The Family Support Network at CHP will sponsor a fund-raiser for our Family Emergency Services Fund from January 30 to February 16. Working with House of Lloyd sales representative Molly Curtin-Shaefer of Tyringham, we will

distribute spring holiday and gallery brochures of items that can be purchased through the playgroups and at the agency. Children's Health Program will receive 50% of sales proceeds. We appreciate any support you can give to this project.

There is a new video in our free video lending library: *Grandparenting*, a thirty-minute discussion of the important roles grandparents can play with families and children.

A breast-feeding support group meets the first Wednesday of the month at CHP. For more information, call Cheryl Dobson at CHP.

Parenting education: Beth and Andy Crowell will lead a discussion about the importance of

nutrition in your child's development on February 13, 7-9 p.m. at Bear Care Center, Great Barrington. For more information, call Lisa Sturz, 243-2180. "Setting Limits," led by Bob Boylston, will be held on February 27, 6:30-8 p.m. at Bear Care Center in Great Barrington. There is no charge, and child care is available. To register, please call Claudette at CHP. A free family activity, roller skating, will be take place on February 23, 3-5 p.m. at the Searles School gym in Great Barrington. All events are sponsored by the South Berkshire Task Force for Families and Children.

— Claudette Callahan

SKATING BASICS

A Clinic for All Ages and Abilities

Joe Milan, Instructor

Monday Nights, 6 - 7:30

at the rink in the Fire Co. Pavilion (in icy weather)

SOUTHERN BERKSHIRE YOUTH ASSOCIATION

The Southern Berkshire Youth Association has scheduled a number of winter activities.

Saturday, February 11, is the deadline for submission of artwork on paper by children (kindergarten through grade eight) to be displayed at an Art Show co-sponsored by Frames on Wheels, 84 Railroad Street, and running from February 19 through March 12 at the Railroad Street shop. There is a \$10 entry fee, and the show is limited to the first fifty artists. Maximum size 14" x 18", or 16" x 20" framed. Unframed work will be framed and framed work will become your property. Artists' reception on Saturday, February 19, 1 p.m.

A dance for grades six through eight will be held at Searles Middle School on Friday, February 17, 7:30-10 p.m. \$4/person (\$3/SBYA members).

There will be a snow sculpture contest co-sponsored by Butternut Ski Area on Monday, February 20, free to families and children of all ages. Register by phone, and check in at the Butternut Clubhouse after 10 a.m. An awards ceremony will be held at 3 p.m.



Hebert Realty and Barrington Bear Care are co-sponsors of a rollerskating party on Thursday, February 23, at the Searles Middle School, 3-5 p.m. The party is free to families and children of all ages and abilities. Skates provided, refreshments available. (Site tentative, call to confirm: 528-6080.)

Vacation camps will take place from Tuesday, February 21, through Friday, February 24, 9:30 a.m.-3:30 p.m. at Searles Middle School Gymnasium or the Eden Hill Recreation Center in Stockbridge. Extended care is available. A trained staff will supervise sports, arts and crafts, and small group activities. Swimming and recreation room use at Eden Hill only; Searles camp will have rollerskating on Thursday (see above). Fees range from \$25/day to \$60/week, depending on site and SBYA membership. Phone 528-6080 for details, and to register. Scholarships are available.

A Wednesday bowling group will start up on March 1, 3:30-5:30 p.m. at the Cove Lanes in Great Barrington. All abilities are welcome; two age groups, 6-9 and 9-13. Fee of \$20 for six weeks (\$16 for SBYA members) includes two games and shoe rental. Parents may stay to keep score and help supervise.

MONTEREY CUP SET

The Sixth Annual Monterey Cup, our own one-day hockey contest at the skating rink in the pavilion behind the firehouse, has been scheduled for Saturday, February 4. The puck drops at ten in the morning, and six teams play a series of ten-minute games for the coveted trophy (on display at the library). Hockey lasts until mid-afternoon, and regular family skating resumes after 3 p.m. Free hot chocolate and coffee will be available to help keep spectators and idle players warm. Watch the weather. Ice forms at temperatures below freezing.

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DEMOCRATS STUDY SMALL TOWN MANAGEMENT

Part Five:

Emergency Responders

The Fire Department, Police, and Road Superintendent deal with emergencies. Whether these are crises of fire, health, criminality, or simply keeping us and our town roads accessible, their procedures must meet vital necessities immediately.

These are not simple transactions. Training is necessary for the quick comprehension of a situation; one must be willing to expose oneself to the unpredictable, and have the courage to stay with a crisis until it is resolved. These are complex and on-going demands.

All of the 911 responders—medical, police, and fire—deal with life and death situations. They are capable of acting independently, but are trained to work with the closest coordination possible within their own groups and with reciprocal help from ambulance personnel, and, when needed, with others from neighboring towns. Our Road Superintendent is also available and in touch by radio when it is necessary in winter to open the road to a home.

The Fire Department

Our Fire Chief is appointed by the Selectmen but is given his full authority by the State Fire Marshal (Dept. of Public Safety). He is answerable to the Selectmen, but, more heavily, to the state. The Chief is helped in this part of his work by the Fire Company Business Agent, who handles financial affairs as well as the continuous flow of reports to the state.

Our Chief has created a unique organization. He has held this position for many years and is eager to maintain the volunteer nature of the Fire Company. In 1979, when at Town Meeting he was refused a new fire house, the Chief led about twenty men to form a non-profit

corporation. They obtained a mortgage, secured land and built the much-needed firehouse themselves. They were supported by local contributions, with gifts of material and labor by out-of-towners as well as by their own mostly self-employed squad members.

The firehouse provides space for Town Meeting, elections, miscellaneous meetings and parties. The Department supplements its income with proceeds from its popular summer picnic and steak roast, and with a tag sale to which townspeople contribute and to which donations of furniture and major appliances are often made following house sales.

In lieu of salaries, the Fire Company



has sought and received a limited number of tax abatements for those squad members who qualify. The Town also encourages the squad's training and supplies uniforms, equipment and vehicles.

Training of firemen is mandated by the state. The Chief and his men are each certified in CPR and First Responders Aid. Two are EMTs (Emergency Medical Technicians) and at least one of these is qualified to operate a defibrillator. The crew meets every Wednesday for continuing training and very detailed practice. They are called on more often as medical rescuers than as firemen, and their accomplishments and professional skills are very impressive. The National Fire Protection Association has established and published a comprehensive system of standards for fire services which our Fire Company follows.

The Chief is personally responsible for all action taken and medical treat-

ment given by members of the company. He is responsible as well for equipment maintenance and long-range planning as the company adapts to changing technology and community needs.

The Company has been working together on plans for a new fire truck, made to their specifications and meeting the requirements of the federal Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA). The Fire Chief also hopes to add a defibrillator to the Company's medical equipment.

The Fire Chief is responsible for maintaining unrestricted communication with his men, the Police, and the Road Superintendent. He and his crew are always reachable by the 911 dispatcher. The top eight squad members are in beeper contact with each other and can contact whoever else needs to be reached. Neighboring fire companies and police also pick up 911 calls. The local coordinator of the evolving 911 system is a volunteer fireman who spent months with the phone company matching phone numbers to house addresses. He also worked with the state to meet their standards. The next phase of development lies in the hands of the Select Board, whose job it is

to mail out the new house number assignments to Monterey citizens.

It is astonishing and comforting to know how much help is available to our Fire Company in a serious crisis. In the event of a second alarm fire, for example, Great Barrington, New Marlboro and Sandisfield companies respond; in the event of a three alarm, crews from Tyngingham, Otis, Tolland, Colebrook and even Blandford are available to assist. Along with these, the Southern Berkshire Volunteer Ambulance Squad and Great Barrington Police can be called upon when needed. Our Fire Company responds in kind.

Police Department

Our Police Chief is appointed by the Select Board, and reappointed annually. He is answerable to them with monthly reports and yearly to the public through

Town Meeting, informing both bodies of police operations.

As are the other emergency responders, the Police Chief is on call twenty-four hours a day. Since his is a part-time position, he is obliged to work another job as well but is available by beeper during the day. If he or one of his officers cannot be reached in or near Monterey, the State Police automatically answer the call.

The Chief is required to handle the following assortment of calls and duties: motor vehicle accidents, traffic tickets, prowlers, domestic violence, break-ins, robberies, trespassing, suspicious vehicles, threatened suicides, downed trees or power lines, phone or power line repair detail, traffic control around fires, phone requests from out of town to check on the welfare of relatives in Monterey, patrols during hunting season, watching for illegal camps, gun permits, writing fines for false fire or burglar alarms, and a miscellany of hysterical or otherwise unidentifiable calls.

He is assisted by three officers, two of whom are certified, as he is. (The third member is in the process of certification.) The state mandates the same level of professional training for both full- and part-time employees. Police attend a thirty-two-week training program given by the Massachusetts Criminal Justice Training Council, and paid for by the state. Our town pays for the hours spent in class. There is also an in-service training program. Squad members are encouraged to take advanced training and education on their own. Courses taken during the training program are: Constitutional, Criminal, and Motor Vehicle Law, Domestic Abuse, Gun Use, "Use of Force" Law, AIDS training, and a suicide course. Added to all this is a forty-hour recertification.

The International Association of Police Chiefs has technical publications similar to the National Fire Protection Association, with a comprehensive system of standards for police services.

The police, like the firemen, are professionally prepared for more than they may be called on to use. Furthermore, they are held to this high level of preparedness with continuous training. There

are refresher courses in CPR and First Responder Aid every three years.

Our Police Chief has developed a good working relationship with neighboring law enforcement officers in Great Barrington, from whom he gets invaluable back-up. A simple example is the information quickly available to him when he stops a car. Through computer access, information is relayed about the vehicle's registration, whether the vehicle may be stolen, possible police record of the driver, whether there is a pistol permit, and whether there is a warrant out for the driver. All this data is available to him before he leaves his car. The system also provides him with a computer print-out of this information in case of a court hearing.

Of all the Chief's work, domestic calls are the most unpredictable and potentially dangerous. The Barrington Police pick up on Monterey domestic violence calls, drive east as far as Route 57, and wait there until they are told their assistance is not needed. This is another example of much-appreciated solid back-up by the Great Barrington Police.

The handling of threatened suicide calls requires highly specific training. Section XII of the Massachusetts General Laws gives police the right to transport by ambulance and commit such patients to the Jones II Ward at Berkshire Medical Center.

Townpeople have expressed concern about the spreading threat of break-ins, and about drug dealers active in Pittsfield but living in Lenox and Stockbridge. They feel that without a highly visible police force the hill towns could become prey to thieves and arsonists.

Road Superintendent

Our Road Superintendent is also appointed by the Select Board, answers to them and gets along well with them. He works full time, winter and summer, and is on call twenty-four hours a day during the winter.


For ten years, with a crew of three men, each of whom has a C.D.L. (Federal Interstate Trucker's license), and a fleet of four four-wheel-drive diesel trucks, he has dealt with forty-six miles of town road.

The weather channel from Albany can be on continuously in the town shed, in his car and at home. When a snow storm starts, day or night, he automatically begins a close watch, going out to judge when and where to start plowing, sanding or salting. He also receives Fire Company calls, clears and sands for them if necessary, and removes fallen trees if the Tree Warden is unavailable.


The Road Superintendent can be in instant radio contact with the county dispatcher, the Southern Berkshire Volun-

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teer Ambulance Squad, Monterey Police or Fire Company, and of course he can communicate instantly with any of his own drivers. He can summon help in the event of automobile accidents or downed wires. He pleads for slower, more careful winter driving, even when the roads are sanded, especially when weather is below freezing. Below a temperature of twenty-two degrees, salt does not work! "People drive too fast, without thinking of the consequences," he says.

In persistent storms, the Road Superintendent and his crew can be out on the roads for twelve to twenty-six hours. When they are exhausted, or the number of trucks proves insufficient to keep roads passable, he has the authority to hire replacement crews and trucks to help. The cost of each storm is unpredictable.

In a catastrophically dangerous situation, the National Guard can be called on, although the Superintendent feels the Guard are not as well trained as local men for this kind of work. However, he says, the number of workers they can supply has proven useful in nearby towns.

In bad weather he occasionally assists citizens who need to be plowed out to get to an appointment with a doctor, or who need access to ambulance help.

In spring the work is mainly on dirt roads. They must be graded, ruts flattened, ditches cleaned out, shoulders scraped and swept. When black top roads need more extensive work he handles the bids for filling low spots, leveling the tops, or complete resurfacing. Work is planned and carried out only as town money becomes available.

The men of the road crew service

their trucks. They clean them daily, grease them, check the lights and inspect them for damage. For serious repair work each vehicle goes to the garage that handles its particular make and model, and where parts are immediately available.

Our Road Superintendent's background has prepared him well for the decisions he has to make. He has been a logger, done heavy construction work, and was affiliated with a company that did surveys and layout work for roads, dams, road curves, and assessors' maps. He also directed the layout of the Pittsfield Airport. All this experience feeds into his judgement on town road work. The Superintendent describes his procedure very modestly, saying, "I just go, look, and do it."

Our emergency responders work directly in answer to a clear necessity. There is no room for doubt or hesitation. Whatever may be controversial among them is forgotten when they are in action. They all function with authority, responsibility, and deep pride.

— Melvene Dyer-Bennet
Vice Chair, Democratic Party

NOTE: In last month's report on the Planning Board, we omitted any reference to the Subdivision Control Law adopted in 1974, and revised by the sitting Board of 1987. Because this law is an important control affecting future growth in Monterey, we will discuss it in a later article.

LETTER FROM STATE SENATOR JANE SWIFT

We received this unsolicited letter, printed here complete and unedited.

As we head into a new legislative year, I am looking forward to debating many extremely important issues. This session we will likely be faced with several reform proposals, including those of the welfare, health care, and automobile insurance systems. I will be reviewing all of the proposals in detail, as the legislature develops new and innovative plans for the ever-changing and evolving Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

As for initiatives which will affect small municipalities, I have filed and co-sponsored a number of bills this year. Those measures which will directly benefit rural communities include:

- An act to establish a disaster relief reserve fund for cities and towns which suffer damages during certain natural disasters, including significant snowstorms. This fund would be readily available for cities and towns in financial need following such natural disasters. Currently, communities must wait months to be reimbursed by the Federal Emergency Management Agency, and even then special legislation is often needed.

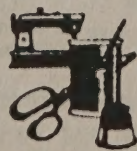
- An act establishing an agricultural development revolving loan fund for the purpose of assisting agricultural producers and processors in the enhancement of production, as well as the modernization of facilities, stock, and equipment.

- An act increasing guaranteed local aid by requiring that cities and towns will, in no event, receive less than forty percent of the total revenues accruing from the sale of lottery tickets. This would require that each quarter at least forty percent of the revenue from lottery tickets be credited to the Local Aid Fund rather than the General Fund.

- An act to exempt cities and towns from the state's twenty-one-cent motor fuel excise taxes. This would relieve



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MAGGIE LEONARD

MONTEREY • BUILT 1984

municipalities of the burden of paying the excises, which are in contrast to tax practice and theory prohibiting one level of government from being taxed by another. Cities and towns are already exempted from the federal motor fuel excise.

• An act to instruct resource recovery facilities to credit the amount of recycled materials a community collects toward meeting the community's Guaranteed Annual Tonnage agreement at the facility. The Guaranteed Annual Tonnage is the amount of trash a community must deliver to a resource recovery facility on a yearly basis without being as-

sessed an extra fee.

• An act to authorize and direct the Department of Environmental Protection (DEP) to implement a landfill-capping grant program, which would provide state assistance to communities that are closing or have closed their landfills in accordance with DEP rules and regulations.

• An act to exempt cities and towns from the provisions of the prevailing wage laws by excluding construction projects of \$100,000 or less; communities with populations of 5,000 or less would have no restrictions. Currently, many smaller communities are required

to pay the prevailing wage rate for projects based on the labor market in larger communities, which puts smaller communities at a distinct disadvantage.

These are just a few of the many bills I have filed or co-sponsored. I plan to work diligently this year to gain passage of these and other important measures. As always, if you have any concerns or issues you would like to discuss, please contact my office at (617) 722-1625 (Boston) or (413) 442-5240 (Pittsfield).

— Senator Jane M. Swift

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These pictures were taken by Dean Amidon at the fire in the Quisenberry home on Lake Garfield in December. The Monterey Fire Company pulled up to what they call a working fire, with flames at the first floor level. They were knocked down in the initial attack, but fumes and smoke had already built up in a cavity between walls, and the fire broke through the upper story before it was brought under control. Sandisfield Fire Company trucked in some water, New Marlborough stood by at the Monterey Firehouse, and Great Barrington came out to assist with manpower.



The weather as we write has been as ridiculously warm in January as it was extraordinarily cold a year ago. But the two Decembers leading into these opposite extremes were both similarly mild. In 1993, December's average temperature was just one degree cooler than this year's 31°. The regional norm for the month is 25.3°. A year ago December brought 12.5" of snow, as against 2" this year; last year 3.75" of rain fell, and this year we had 4.5". It wasn't a white Christmas until New Year's Day.

Our winter weather can be dramatically influenced by El Nino, a phenomenon observed in the South Pacific Ocean. In an AP report in *The Berkshire Eagle*, El Nino was described as "a characteristic warming of surface water in the tropical Pacific, [which] occurs when westward trade winds weaken and the warm water mass, called a Kelvin wave, begins moving eastward along the equator." The warm ocean water warms the atmosphere and alters the normal jet stream pattern. Weather systems are nothing if not complex, and a strong El Nino does not necessarily cause warm winter conditions in the Northeast, but this effect is common. Ocean water expands as it warms, and satellite radar images of the South Pacific show it to be four to eight inches



higher than normal this year, and "the temperature increase in the current El Nino is twice what was predicted."

El Nino was named for the Christ child by South American fishermen who noticed the warmer water and the reduced fish population that accompanied it around Christmastime. A big baby in the South Pacific, winter mud in the Berkshires—what could be more exotic than scientific truth?

Total rainfall in 1994 was 39.87" and total snow was 95.5". Starting with the new year's first month, we will record total precipitation (water content of snow, and rain) in addition to giving the breakdown of rain and snow falling each month.

High temp. (12/4)	56°
Low temp. (12/29)	10°
Wind-chilled low temp. (12/29)	-33°
Avg. high temp.	40°
Avg. low temp.	22°
Avg. temp.	31°
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	25.3°
Precip. occ.	10 days
Total precip.	4.50" rain / 2" snow
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	3.70"
High bar. press. (12/16)	30.53"
Low bar. press. (12/24)	29.46"
High humidity (12/31)	100%
Low humidity (12/24)	28%
Avg. wind speed	4 mph
High wind gust (12/24)	58 mph

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A PLEASANT ENGLISH SUMMER, A LIFE AGO

*A pleasant English summer, a life ago—
a weaving of ovals green
above the riverflow
a dappling of those chips of blue and gold below
all from a summerswifted evening glow—
a bending of the fluted waving grasses
where the carapaced slow beetle walks
lurching its scarabed angles
through the stalks.*

*Wrens in the dusty hedgerows
wagtails, linnets, buntings
darting soundlessly about a
sommolence of sheep
marking the leys of our longing now
to sleep—*

*oh, what were we waiting for
those summer hays ago
lying aneath the beeches
near the river's summerglow!*

*The old manse, the pilgrims' eaves
and bedding by the silvers of the starcut leaves
still life, life still
our faces framed by hands and leaning each to each
hushes, whispers, hushes on our tongues
as we let each other in
reaching for—so simply, softly, softly—
the sweetness of each other's skin*

*what were our pleasures then
drowsing the lovelit night
waking to the scattered pealing
of a morning's feathered light!*

*Marigolds and hollyhocks and
dew-drenched bending roses
flax, weld, and foxglove
and the river moving time along
reflecting and collecting
all that lovely, lovely summersong—*

*thinking now in winter
of our older saddened eyes
parted and yet joined
by grey and sodden city skies*

*I pluck insistence so
from that which summering in dreams
while ever singing deeper, deems
to bear us forth where heaven seems
still flashing in the endless rippling riverflow:
all love that time would let us know
that pleasant English summer, only a life ago.*

— A. O. Howell



JUPITER NETTED IN THE TREETOPS

*I lay awake, all snug in bed
In earliest dawn.
The shadowy night had not yet fled,
The stars not gone;
The pines were now in silhouette,
Black and strong.*

*And I never will forget
Beyond my window sill the net
Of branches with a planet caught
A net of pliant fibers wrought,
Black and strong.*

— David P. McAllester

TO _ _ _ _ _

*Blond and brown
In summer's burn.
Back-flung glance
Through sun straw hair,
The smile that staggers the world,
for a moment
That tilts my heart forever*

*Blond and brown
In candle shine,
Long dark gaze
Under gleaming veil,
Where any man would drown.
I'll willingly sink again
At once lost and found*

— Nick Hardcastle

*No matter your breeding,
your school,
or your previous contribution to mankind,
money goes into a blind trust,
memory goes into a dark hole.
With the ritual telling of stories,
stories that are almost entirely fictional,
we fall into the abyss
of poor character and chaos.
I want the finger-pointing and the blaming to stop.
I want to send a powerful signal.
I want a cigarette.*

—D. R. Strange

THE LIFE OF A POET'S HUSBAND

*He's aroused from sleep when the light goes on...
She's writing the lyrics for a song!
It's time to rise and start the day,
To milk the cows and mow the hay.
"I'll have a good breakfast within the hour,"
He thinks, while singing in the shower,
"I can smell the muffins baking now;
She makes good breakfasts anyhow!"
Then the bacon burns as she adds a line
To the poem she started at suppertime.
The dear little man never complains;
He admires her endeavor all the same.
She should leave for work but she can't go yet...
She must write this down lest she forget.
She'll miss her ride if she doesn't hurry...
Her nose is stuck in the dictionary!
He teases, saying, "You'll never reach fame."
Still she's in there pitching with might and main.
"Some day," says she, "he may be surprised—
The day that I win that NOBEL PRIZE!"*

— Eleanor Kimberley

TROPICAL ANIMALS, DEPRESSED ON THE FARM

Winter has settled in here; like others in the Northeast, we have a little snow, lots of ice, long dark nights, and cold. Local animals have made adjustments in their usual sensible ways, and in the barnyard the goats and horses are shaggy. They move to their haypiles with uncharacteristic deliberation, a slow clatter across the dangerous yard.

I have warm boots that I got twenty-one years ago in Wyoming but they are worn slick on the soles. I bought pointy cleats which I strapped under the arches, but still I move around out there with care. I feel fragile, uncertain, on the edge of things.

As I talk to my friends lately I find I am not alone. People don't feel quite right. They say, "I ate too many sweets over the holidays and can't seem to stop now," or else, "I'm just not getting enough exercise." A friend was here from Boston last weekend. Her husband is taking Prozac and she has discovered "super blue-green algae." They are both feeling quite a bit better but they still want to start on the Manchurian mushroom, the Kargasok elixir that many of us are fermenting on our kitchen counters these days.

What is the matter with us? Why do we need a cure? I am no psychologist, but I think I know. We are homesick, as a species, for the land of our beginnings, the environment to which we are particularly suited: the tropics.

The horses and goats are careful but happy enough in a New England winter.

The chipmunks are asleep, the geese will be back when it's time. Many people are clever enough to migrate with the geese and I myself usually make it over to the Smith College Greenhouse once a winter. I walk into the big glass house with the banana tree and the palms. By this time I am carrying my down jacket in my arms and I can feel my face relax as the



tropical air embraces me. In an instant I know I was born, as a species, to take off my clothes and eat tree-ripened mangoes.

When I get home to the farm I strap on my cleats to do the barn chores. The horses and goats smile patiently at me, but when I get to the henhouse I feel the suffering of fellow exiles. The domestic chicken, *Gallus gallus*, reached its current height of evolutionary design and adaptation in about the same place I did. She also loves a good mango. If you go to Java or tropical India you may see the wild "Red Jungle Fowl" amid the tigers

and the banyans and your first thought would probably be, "Oops. Someone's chickens have gotten loose." The truth is just the opposite: someone's Red Jungle Fowls have gotten captured and sold all over the world to places as inappropriate as the frozen Berkshires. By the sixth century B.C. there were seven breeds of domesticated chickens developed by the

Romans. Sixteen hundred years later there were still about that number of breeds found in England and France, but now we recognize nearly seventy different sorts of domestic chickens, all variations on the original Red Jungle Fowl. They vary in numbers of toes, type of comb, coloring, and the presence or absence of fancy feathers on their legs and feet, and on their heads and faces.

The chickens I see every day are not flashy and they are not happy about winter. We built the henhouse years ago according to a scientific plan outlined in a book. We made them a nice big yard and every day we take them pear cores, squash seeds, leftover oatmeal, as well as

their scientifically formulated laymash. Often they get a gallon of whey. I tell myself we do well for our chickens, but when I'm standing in that glass house with the cinnamon trees and the giant ferns I know it is not good enough. As a farmer of conscience, I will probably take them to Northampton on field trips and get them started on anti-depressants and miracle supplements. These things will help, but I have a feeling there is nothing I can do for my chickens, or myself, that will take the place of the tropics.

— Bonner J. McAllester

WILDLIFE SURVEY

Mammals

Everyone has seen deer, here and there. One doe was pawing the grass under some oaks near the east end of Hupi Road on January 21, and eating the acorns she was turning up. Our slight, soon-melted snowfalls have meant no need for "yarding up" for the deer; they are just browsing everywhere. Eleanor Kimberley saw four deer on Town Hill Road, January 5; they were headed toward Monterey.

Dale Duryea reports that young beavers have left their family lodges and are seeking homesites of their own as though it were spring. This can be serious when the weather turns cold again: they may die of exposure since they won't be allowed back home.

Dale says the reduction of beavers in Rawson Brook and the Konkapot has allowed these streams to run clear again, and trout are increasing. He saw a bobcat on Brett Road just after Christmas. He's seen no red fox this year but has heard coyotes back of Lowland Farm and Gould Farm. They seem to range from New Marlborough to Beartown Forest.

The Fish and Wildlife people have officially accepted the return of mountain lions to Vermont. Their propensity for wide travel means they are not unlikely around here, and lends credibility to some sightings reported in and around Monterey. Dale had a porcupine call: it was sick but not rabid. There was a rabid

porcupine in Lanesboro and Dalton, but it's rare. A black squirrel was in the Baker-McAllester bird feeder January 9, and Bob Rausch saw them along Hupi Road earlier in the month. Dale saw fisher tracks in the snow on Mt. Hunger Road earlier this month.

Birds

Loul McIntosh writes from Gould Farm on January 11: "A pileated flew over this morning, rather annoyed with the world, given the tone of his voice! Daughter Anne observed a flock of approximately twenty turkeys in the gravel pits north of the 'transfer station' a couple

of days ago. At our feeders we have added titmice. My Christmas gift from Anne consisted of spruce cones filled and covered with either suet or peanut butter and

a mixture of seeds, or thistledown, or cracked corn. It took a while for the birds to get used to their 'extras.' The hairy woodpecker, in particular, spent the better part of an hour sitting there and screaming that there was no plain suet, then took off, but thought better of it and came back and tried a cone."

Barbara Tryon reports the usual winter birds but seventeen doves in, around, and all over their bird feeder, the week of January 8. She heard from a friend about bluebirds in Richmond, but they sometimes are there all winter. Dale Duryea heard of some robins appearing in this warm spell. Bob Rausch saw ravens the morning of January 21.

Insects

From Loul: "Aside from the usual assortment of houseflies waking up at odd times, there was a swarm of ladybugs who woke up sometime in October during a mild day. Since then, there are always one or two crawling around in my study. Eventually, they die, of course. I have a collection by now. Strangely, their spots range from zero to as many as their carapaces will accommodate, with the base color ranging from almost yellow to almost red." On January 13 she saw some stone flies, flying about.

Plants

These days when the meadows have been open, between light snows, one could see a wide variety of plants close to the ground and still green. Wild strawberries, wild thyme, clover, goldthread, and quite a few different kinds of ferns are among them.

Connie Ohman agrees with me that quite a few large trees have come down in some of our recent high winds, but probably not much more than the cumulative toll exacted by most winters. Five years or so ago, a late frost hit when the oak trees had opened their buds, and the tops of a good many big trees died. In some cases the whole tree then died, but most of them recovered and went on adding to that highly valuable board-footage.

— David P. McAllester



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ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Off To The Keys

Why do I still feel I'm young? I've GOT to start thinking I'm getting... well... a little older. Leaving my house and barn and garden in Alabama in order takes some doing—paying bills, telling my “house-sitters” (as they traipse in and out, helping me move things I'm going to need for two months in the Keys) what to do while I am away, putting new-bathed three dogs, one cat, and four pups (wiped with flea spray) in their freshly bedded boxes into a “bombed-free-of-bugs” camper. I kissed everybody and climbed in, making sure that my little red Toyota was going okay behind me.

I left about two... only four hours to Panama City Beach. A breeze, I thought. I forgot it would be an hour later where I was going. After two stops for gas and one for road repairs on I-10, darkness was settling in—after all, it was December! The weariness of the past days was catching up with me. I hadn't pulled my Toyota before (just the U-Haul) behind my new camper, and it was swinging back and forth, making it hard to keep my camper on the very busy highway. “Come on, Joan, you've been in a house for over three months, you're not used to travelling in a camper. It will get better!”

I decided to take a shortcut. If I didn't go as fast, the swinging was better. Two pups got out of their boxes, and they were crying to high heaven. The poodle came up on my lap; he wanted “to go.” Not now, I told him. Almost all dark. I don't see the way I used to, in the dark. A lonely road. Nobody. Thoughts crept into my mind. Florida is a bad place to be after dark. An English couple were shot on I-10 last year. Suddenly, a car came up behind me. What if he made me pull over? I don't have a THING to protect me! No mace, no whistle, left my gun at home. Now all four pups were crying, the poodle searching around. The car behind passed me and sped down the road.

Joan, why are you out here! A “get-

ting-old” lady would leave early in the morning, going in the daylight, get to the park (where I had a reservation) when it was still light, get to the dinner I was invited to with old friends—on time. Think, Joan, you should begin to think you are not still YOUNG!

I finally found Panama City Beach, busy on Friday night. Of course I got lost. I drove into the park: closed for the night. I couldn't turn around. So I stopped right there, walked and fed the animals, locked the camper, and went searching for a phone.



I called my friends (people I had grown up with in Montana). They came down from their condo-on-the-sea and let me (on my bike) in the big iron gate. We had a late, but so good, dinner, with lots of good talk.

I stayed another day, biking back and forth from my RV park (which had opened the next morning at nine). I left, taking a circuitous route to the Keys... back and up to Enterprise, Alabama, where I attended a church service (the minister is an old friend of mine). Enterprise is a farm community, with a statue to the BOLL WEEVIL! Then east, through COFFEE COUNTY, into Georgia and through the towns of IRON, CLIMAX, CAIRO and LACEVILLE. Lots of puddles here (been raining). I see “LOST IN TIME” saloon... a restaurant sign: FRESHLY BAKED COON and

SWEET FLY SALAD.

Into Thomasville. When it was *still light* I looked around for a park. Only one. I drove in, found a “pull-through” (camper-pulling-car). The man next door said, “The office is closed. Pay in the morning.” I was going to leave early in the morning, so I left my money (which I thought appropriate) in the crack of the office door. Headed south for Florida.

Got to Hudson, on the Gulf coast of Florida, at noon. Two families I wanted to see here. I parked in a park next to one.

People from Canada, with whom I went to Mardi Gras two years ago. Then I had a steak dinner with people who had just bought a house on a canal where they could put their sailboat, people I met in Mexico several years ago.

Next day I crossed diagonally through Florida. Off Route 60 there is a LAKE GARFIELD. Now we have orange groves. Down Route 27, I stopped to call the Somers (from Monterey). I went over for tea and showed off my four tiny puppies. I drove another forty miles to a new SKP Park in Moore Haven (going to be like my park in Alabama). Two days there, seeing old friends and meeting new ones. Said good-bye, heading for the Keys. Good to leave the eye-and-nose-tearing smog. Too many people in Florida!

Homestead was on the mend, after the devastation of the hurricane. After you leave Homestead, and the mainland, you go from island to island... sea on both sides, down the Keys. I took a picture of the pups on the hood of my car (they look good against the blue-green water of the Keys). GOOD TO BE BACK IN PARADISE!

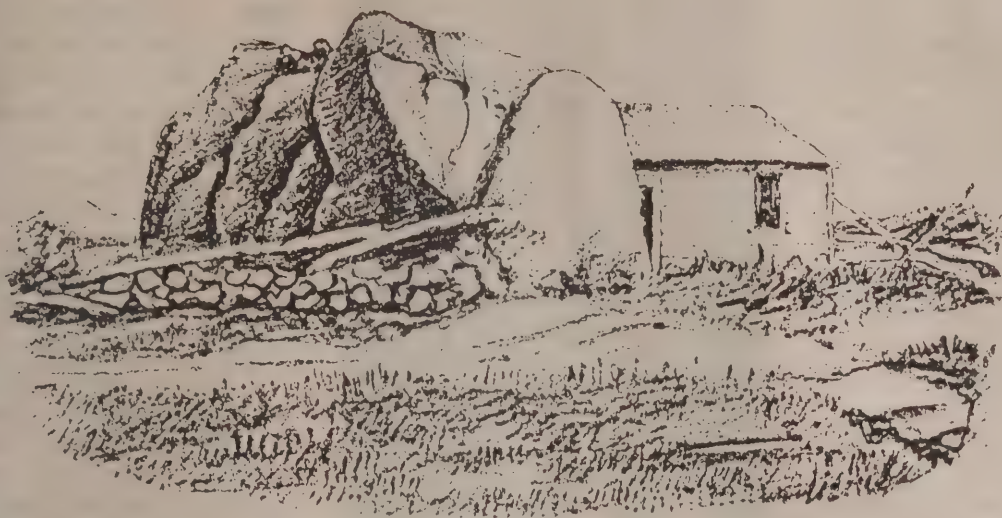
— Joan Woodard Reed

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The Rock School house

*Monterey
Mass.*

*24 August
1861*

Drawing by Blue Bidwell from 1861. The rock remains, but the schoolhouse is gone. The site is on the northeasterly side of Beartown Road, out past its intersection with Brace Road.



MAGGIE LEONARD

TALES FROM TEXAS

Fall Roundup '94

K Bar's long-awaited Fall Roundup finally happened on a bright chilly day in early November. Brian and I were psyched. Photo and video opportunities and cowboy fantasy fulfillment surely awaited us. Glen Weber, who leases grazing rights on the ranch, showed up early with his "Daddy" and his brother Dale. They were followed shortly by the Finstad brothers, descendants of Norwegian immigrants to Central Texas and reputedly excellent horsemen.

Determined to revive the pasture raptures of my girlhood, I insisted on riding with the men, leaving Brian to mount up on Glen's '67 step-side Chevy truck. Accompanied by Old Man Weber, he travelled ahead of the riders to open a succession of gates and then waited to lead the gathered herd, conditioned to follow a honking truck, back to the pens.

The rest of us set out in a bunch, the seasoned horses of the cowboys springing out in long, floating strides. My horse, Whiskey, accustomed to being ridden irregularly and wildly by visiting teenagers, was prancy and choppy in the unfamiliar role of working quarter horse. Whiskey's pasture buddy, Banchee, left behind for the day, ran frantically along the fence beside us, a gratuitous vision, the white streak down his hind leg and the Appaloosa mottle on his hindquarters flashing in the sun. Bent on expanding the portent and symbolism of my experience to its fullest proportions, I was riding my grandfather's saddle (K Bar brand on the stirrup leathers, KIRVEN tooled across the cantle). The winter grass (called "rescue grass" around here for very good reason) was intensely green from the fall rains. The spell was on me. I was transported.

We rode northward. Every few hundred feet down the trail, one of us riders broke off toward the east. Our goal was to sweep straggler cattle into the main herd grazing in the Coastal Bermuda field, then push them into the East Field and drive them along its long east-west fence line to the barn.

We accomplished our goal, but not



Miss El rides through the South Pasture.

without incident. Dale, Terry Finstad and I picked up one cow on our sweep and brought her into the Coastal Field. I had a nice long canter on Whiskey down the whole length of that 180-acre, wide open stretch of green to get myself behind the cattle being driven up. There were about ninety cows, calves, and bulls, moving fast, strung out from one end of the Coastal to the other. I trotted behind them and looked around, trying to take it all in. It was mid-morning. Mahogany brown, brindle, and buff poured through the sunlight. White faces, shining horns and muley heads went headlong. There was a lot of cowboy action way up ahead, keeping the cattle in line, turning them toward the gate, but I was jogging through a still point of perception, a Nirvanic or, perhaps, along with the Finstads, a Valhallic ecstasis. I was peaking out.

The herd flowed through the east field gate in perfect order, following Glen's old truck like they always do. Then, all of a sudden, the lead cows split and dispersed themselves in all direc-

tions. The East Field, once used for cropland, is now a sea of feathery, thorny young mesquite trees, which not only thwart forward movement but also baffle the eye. Glen and the Finstads took off after the wayward runaways. Dale and I fell in behind the few who were heading, according to plan, along the east-west fence. But even these cows wouldn't stay together. They loosened up and slowly dissolved into veils of mesquite.

I pulled out to our left to scare up drifted cows. Whiskey, still a bundle of nerves, objected to being on his own. He had spent most of the morning snorting, trembling, throwing his head and even bucking a few times in reaction to my demands on him. Now, in a tangle of mesquite with no living thing in sight, he outright panicked. I talked to him, scoped out a break in the trees and urged him forward. He danced back and forth. I touched him lightly with my heels and he reared up, pawed the air, lost his balance, pivoted slightly and fell sideways on top of me. I felt his warm, heavy body along the whole length of my leg and a stinging pain where my hip joint hit the ground. I thought hopefully of the calcium supplements I take regularly. Whiskey bounded up and stood beside me. I got up and took stock. J. D. Kirven's saddle dangled ingloriously under Whiskey's belly, hanging only by its roping girth. Dale Weber rode up, having heard the crack of a mesquite limb, and helped me remove the saddle. I was embarrassed to interfere with the desperate work going on, so I set out to lead Whiskey back to the house.

About that time I heard Glen Weber shouting hysterically. Through crossed signals Brian and Old Man Weber had failed to open a crucial corner gate. Cattle were coming in from all directions, balling up at the closed gate and turning back into the field. I tried to run with Whiskey toward one of the guide fences to stop the cows coming down it, but instantly we were surrounded by cattle pounding past us.

Terry Finstad rode by at a gallop and said, "What happened?"

"Tell you later," I said, and hobbled toward home.

Total chaos notwithstanding, all the cattle from the north side of the ranch

BRIAN FEARON

were in the pens before noon that day. I limped in with Whiskey and traded him to Brian for the video camera. I filmed the work in the pens, fed the cowboys hamburgers and homemade peach cobbler, drove Glen's truck and his Daddy out to lead cattle in from the south pastures, and then decided my knee felt bad enough to justify a trip to the hospital.

The calcium pills had been a good investment. I ripped up a pair of Levis and sustained some remarkable bruises, but nothing was broken. I crippled around in a knee brace for a week and now am fine except for an ominous flicker of new understanding that creeps in and tatters the edges of a previously whole and luminous vision of K Bar Roundups.

It could have been worse.

Of the dozen or so accounts I have read of terrifying stampedes in the early days, the richest and most integrated description is by Frank Reaugh, described in a book of his work as "Painter to the Longhorns." Reaugh not only painted cattle on the range in the mid-nineteenth century, but also rode with a couple of big drives out of Texas. He later constructed "prose sketches" to elucidate the drawings and paintings he made along the way.

Here is Reaugh's account of a stampede:

Half past two and the boys are counting the minutes before calling the "cocktail guard" that relieves them when a passing cloud causes momentary darkness. A pony stumbled at a badger hole. A slicker becomes loosened, and just at that unfortunate moment a sudden gust of wind whips it from the cowboy's hand to sail with eery outspread wings straight ... for the very center of the herd. Every wild steer is instantly on his feet. The cowboy's warning shout is too late. The mischief is done.

One shiver pulsates through the great huddled mass; then they are tearing down the coulee as only scared cattle can fly, toward the narrowing break that leads to the still narrower canyon below.

Just in front of them are racing the three cowboys, with slack rein and active heel.... If they can only keep the lead until the level plains at the mouth of the canyon are reached the herd can be milled and the stampede stopped. They sweep through the break and into the canyon, where the rock walls tower 400 feet overhead...

The canyon awakens and roars and protests with all the power of its echoing lungs; the clashing horns and clattering hoofs answer with increased vigor. Woe and swift death are the lot of anything living that falls

under this thundering mass. A steer stumbles, the next one crowds him down, and in shorter time than it takes to fall, the breath is trampled from his body by a hundred hammering hoofs, while a thousand more pelt him into a shapeless mass of hair and blood.

"Only half a mile more, boys, and we're all right," shouts Bill Stewart, and even as he speaks his pony trips and horse and rider are buried under the sea of maddened beasts. As Jack, in a moment of sympathy, impulsively draws rein and slackens his pony, the foremost steer butts it to its knees, and they, too, are lost to sight.

So the race goes on, on, on. The remaining guard, with hat off and coat thrown back, is still at the head of the herd, with lips close drawn and the expectancy of swift death on his face. The keen night air is none too cool for his heated blood and he welcomes the life it gives his pony. A short half mile and as the canyon debouches onto the falda and comparatively level ground the cowboy swings his horse to one side and allows the leading steer to come abreast, when from his leveled pistol he sends a belching stream of fire scarce three inches in front of the wild eyes. With a sudden snort and spring that animal swerves to one side; quick as lightning the pistol is there again and the flashing fire compels him to make a wide circle and finally turn back into the tail of the herd that is just emerging from the canyon.

Close on his heels are the rest of the herd, crowding, bewildered and confused, a wildly whirling maelstrom of milling cattle.

— Miss El

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Heat

Just before Christmas I was walking up Railroad Street in Great Barrington and ran into a few friends standing in front of the store that sells pianos. I said hello as I walked past, then went back to stand with them a while. They didn't seem to be waiting for anyone particular, or about to go anywhere soon, which is what drew me back. I wanted to be idle, too, just for a minute. We mentioned the warm weather in between long silences watching shoppers angle up and down the street.

Leo slipped between us with a quick greeting as he headed into the piano store, on a mission. I was idled enough at the moment not to wonder what it was. Later he told me he bought Valya a piano for Christmas. All these years after they first fell in together, then grew apart into fast friends, they are lately more like two people long and well married than anything else. Ever since Leo returned from California to a home that Valya had lived in during his absence, they have been back and forth with each other to and from Provincetown, where she lives. Her roots reach deep into the Cape Cod sand, and Leo has recently rededicated himself to life in Monterey, so it seems their new life together will involve two places and some travel, as well as a little quiet solitude. For now the piano is at her place on the Cape.

Leo is more than ever the man of

action. During the warm days of late fall, he laid up stones as a foundation for a sauna in the woods above the farmhouse where he lives. I turned my back on more pressing things one day to help him hew logs for the walls of this small, very stout structure. It hadn't been much of a trick to imagine the sauna; we worked on it riding home from Bradley when Leo returned from California. Then he started building. I would daydream a project like that for years, but not Leo. The day I joined him we dogged down clean, straight, large-diameter logs knee-high on



the site, and worked with chalk line, chainsaw, and broad axes to square them up. The thunk and ring of our axes spread through the quiet winter woods when we weren't using the chainsaw. At lunchtime we drove to the Post Office, then had soup and bread at Roadside Store.

"They must have paid you a fortune out west," I said, wondering—in a friendly way—how he could spend time on the Cape, buy a piano, and start building himself a sauna, all at once. We do the same sort of work, with our hands; even at a substantial rate of pay, remuneration takes time.

"It was good pay, for simple wages. I worked all day long, every day, and I didn't visit the bar nights or the mall weekends. It added up okay, but it disappears fast."

"Anything going through your shop now?"

"There's talk of another harpsichord, but nothing's certain yet. I'm not sure my heart's in it, anyway."

I had a tabloid curiosity. "So how are you paying the rent these days?" Valya wasn't about to support him, and he probably wouldn't like it for long if she tried.

"I don't rent."

"Taxes, then. You know what I mean."

"Hey, there's always plastic."

"No. Seriously? You mean you bought your sweetheart a piano on credit?"

"Crudely put, but yes, I did. She likes the piano no less. Not that she knows—at least, I didn't tell her." Leo paused. "It's not the sort of thing she's likely to read in the paper, if you know what I mean."

"Not in New England," I said. "She might hear it, but I can't imagine where she would read it."

"Well, who cares, anyway? I wanted to buy her a piano, so I did. The wheel turns. I'll pay it off—and then some. So what? She bought this little black lamp, a gooseneck with a small, strong light on an integral dimmer switch. Heavy material with a light profile, a quiet click to the switch. Very classy. Right there on the piano, illuminating scores by Bach, Joplin rags. Click. I love it."

As we rode back to continue work for the afternoon, I thought about how Leo let it slide off him like that, no big deal. He would catch up—if in fact he was behind, which wasn't certain anyway. Leo had been flush and broke so often he was relaxed about both. I remember in the first years I knew him it was the library table (an elaborate carved and inlaid project in tropical woods with twenty-six drawers all dovetailed by hand, work well-paid from start to finish) that got him out of the city and up here to Monterey in a place of his own. Then it took him a while to find his balance here, and he hired out in the building trades, but that was before the boom 1980s, and wages forced him to accumulate some back taxes. With time he paid them off.

Before lunch we had worked a while with chainsaws, cross-cutting to chalk lines along several logs. This left us with axe work, hewing the cylindrical sides of the logs flat, to the depth of the saw cuts, for the remainder of the afternoon. We went right to work to shake the after-

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lunch chill, no chitchat. The logs were fresh and straight-grained; clean chunks of cream-colored and pale green tulip wood fell away quickly and littered the ground. Then we hewed to the line. It took two or three logs to get the proper sense of what smooth was. Fussy hewing won't do. A surface with many axemarks close together looks like the work of mice. Bold strokes work best; they leave a surface like calm, not quite still water.

Once enough logs are squared, Leo plans to cut dovetailed corners and lay up the walls. A framed door and window, small porch, and a roof of flat stones will follow. This could take years, or weeks. If either of us wins the lottery or gets a visit from John Baresford Tipton, it will be weeks, because the work is a pleasure and life is short. But neither of us ever buys tickets and JBT is dead, so we will work at it as we can. If we're lucky it will be done in months, not years. Then we can sit in there and cook, sweating away any remaining sense that a good thing can't be done, somehow.

A brassy sun touched the hills late that afternoon as I drove home, and the sky losing its heat turned pale peach and lavender, the clouds fluffed pink underneath, and the dark green of pine trees near the horizon went black.

— Peter Murkett

P. O. BOX NINE, 01245

January 15, 1995

To the Editor:

Please pass on to the author a large "Thank you" for the series of articles on town government. It is a lucid course in civics. With the information which is so clearly and concisely presented, anyone should feel comfortable and confident in taking a matter to a town official.

Ms. Dyer-Bennet has done us all a great service.

— Mary B. Ward

CONTRIBUTORS

There's nothing like a check in the mail—when it arrives. We got some over the past month, thanks to:

Jane & Richard Perin

Margaret McMillan ("I love receiving the *Monterey News*—it brings back such wonderful memories. Thank you.")

Steven & Sally Pullen (We love the *Monterey News*! Thanks so much for all your efforts!)

Kenneth & Laurel Kahn

Paul & Martha Thorn

Betsey & John Camp

Seldon & Susan Whitaker

Paul W. Walter, Jr.

Douglas & Marion Leach

STEFAN GROTZ

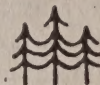
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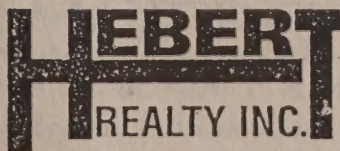
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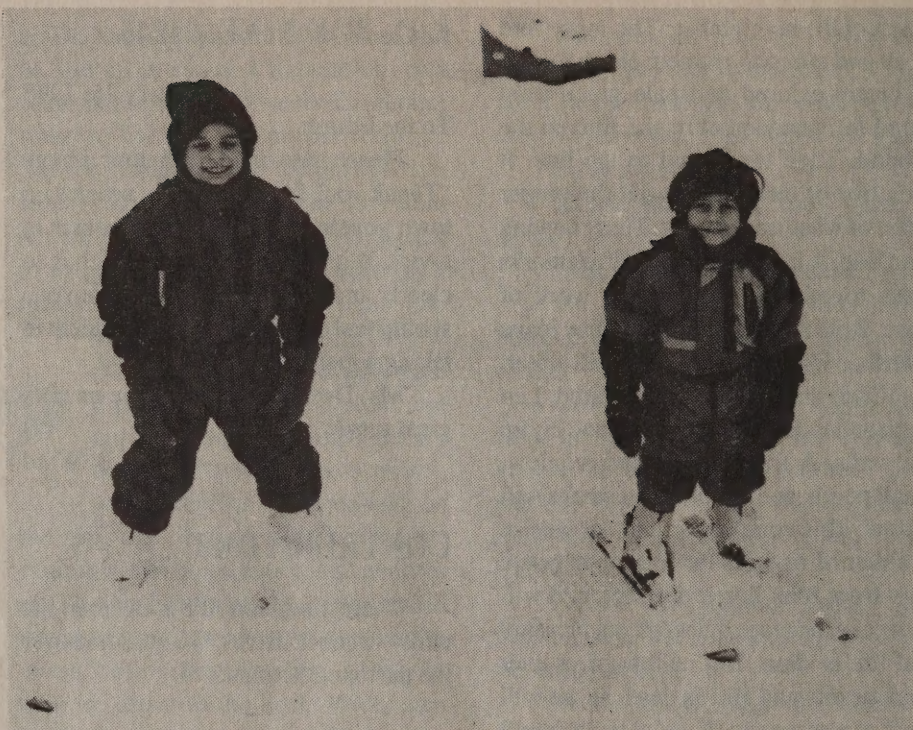
PERSONAL NOTES

Our hats off to **Tom Thorn**, who has graduated from Hudson Valley Community College in Troy, New York, with a degree in mortuary science. Wife Jane is proud, your entire family is proud, and so are we. Good work, Tom!

We were pleased to receive word through a family member that **Hedy Craven** is healthy and well in Oregon. She is unable to write but would most appreciate hearing from any Monterey friends who remember her. Her address is Emerald Nursing Home, 2360 Chambers Street, Eugene, OR 97401. Hedy, with her late husband Eric, owned and operated Meadowlark Camp on Art School Road for several years.

Congratulations to **Jason Tanner**, who was one of the four outstanding wrestlers to be named on the Athol Early Bird Tournament. Jason won the 171-lb. title en route to helping the Mt. Everett Eagles come home with the first place trophy, the first time in the eight-year history of the tournament that the host school did not take first place! We wish Jason, a senior at Mt. Everett, best of luck for another outstanding wrestling season.

Natasha Grotz left for Germany in late December to study in Berlin for the winter term through the Dartmouth Foreign Study Program. After ushering in the New Year with an unforgettable celebration in Bavaria and doing a little travelling, she has tackled her studies, which she finds both challenging and wonderful, in the "fascinating" city of



Massi and Carlo Monjardo make the most of a little snow.

MAGGIE LEONARD

Berlin. As part of the program, she attends several theatre productions and/or operas each week, which is just delightful for her!

Very happy birthday wishes to **Gige O'Connell** on February 1, to **Mark Makuc** on February 2, to **John Mulroy** on February 6, to **Mike Mielke, Jr.**, on February 7, to **Claude "Tim" Burke** on February 9, to **Jack Jefferson** and **Lanny Lanoue** on February 14, to **Dave Gauthier** on February 15, to **Maryellen Brown** on February 16, to **Kimberly Gero** on February 18, to **Marta Meluleni** on February 19, to **Rachel Rodgers** on February 20, to **Maggie Clawson** on

February 22, to **Jim Edelman** on February 23, to **Ed Dunlop** on February 25, to **Mark Amstead** and **Shelly Bynack** on February 26, to **Paul Makuc** and **Morgan Schick** on February 27, and to our leap-year kid, **Shaen O'Connor**, on February 29.

Also, very happy anniversary wishes to **Jim and Betty Connery** on February 5, to **Gerry and Marge McMahon** on February 7, to **Arnold and Judy Hayes**, who celebrate their thirtieth on February 13, and to **Don and Pat Amstead** on February 27.

Any news items, birthdays, etc. you would like to share? Please give me a call at 528-4519, or jot items down and drop them in the mail to me, just Route 23. Your contributions are appreciated!

— Stephanie Grotz

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MAGGIE LEONARD

CALENDAR

Sundays, February 5, 12, 19, and 26

AA meetings, 9 a.m. in the Monterey Firehouse, Main Road.

Saturday, February 4

Sixth Annual Monterey Cup from 10 a.m. at the skating rink, firehouse pavilion.

Burgers, dogs, free coffee, hockey.

The film *Modern Times* shown at 7:30 in the basement of the Monterey Library. Free admission, refreshments at nominal cost.

Saturday, February 11 The film *The Thirty-Nine Steps* shown at the Monterey Library (as above).

Wednesday, February 15

Meeting of the Monterey Grange No. 291, 8 p.m. at the Grange Hall.

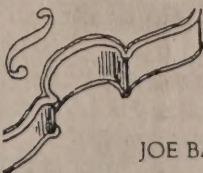
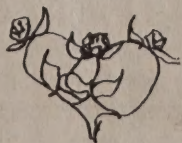
Meeting of the Southern Berkshire Solid Waste District, 7 p.m. in the church basement.

Tuesday, February 21 Free blood pressure clinic, 9-10:30 a.m. in the base-

ment room of the Monterey Grange (town offices), Main Road.

Saturday, February 25 Square and contradance at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, 8:30-11:30 p.m. Music by Mountain Laurel, calling by Joe Baker. All dances taught, beginners and children welcome. Refreshments. Adults \$5, children \$2. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

Saturday, March 4 Rabies clinic at the Monterey Firehouse, 3-4:30 p.m. Dog licenses also available; fee \$8.



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Our address is *Monterey News*, P.O.
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We invite readers to submit letters,
news items, opinions, stories, poetry,
drawings, and photographs. Please send
submissions by the fifteenth of the month
before publication, addressed to the at-
tention of the Editor.

Send any change of address, or ini-
tial request to receive the *News* by mail to
the attention of Susan LePrevost.

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ing rates and information to the Editor.
For further information, telephone the
Editor at 413-528-3454 evenings, or 528-
9937 days.

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Contributions from local artists this month: Sudi Baker, pp. 4, 5, 8, 11, 15, 19, 20, 23; Maureen Banner, pp. 2, 6; Erika Crofut, pp. 12, 16; Bonner McAllester, p. 14.

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